

THE
PALACE
MISCELLANY.

CONTAINING, (among many other curious Pieces)

The Young Lady's Catechism: In a Dialogue between Miss *Forward*, and *Betty Sly*, her Chamber-Maid.

Miss's Prayer to *Cupid*.

The Mourning BRIDE
(founded on Matters of
Fact.)

The Progress of Matrimony,
in Four Canto's; (in-
scrib'd to a certain Old
Lady of *Bristol*.)

The Fair Penitent; (in-
scrib'd to a *Tonge K—t*,
and the Hon—ble Miss
Fitz—ms.) &c. &c.

Dedicated to

Six Honourable Maids.



L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by J. DORMER, at the Printing-Office,
the Green Door, in Black and White Court, in the
Old-Bailey. M.DCC.XXXIII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

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The Young Lady's Case-
claim: In a Dialogue be-
tween Miss Farnwell, and
Mrs. S. her Chamber-
maid.

The Fair Penitent: (con-
taining a stage K. and
the History of the
same) &c. &c.



Six Honourable Maids.



Vol 216

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iv DEDICATION.

who are as competent Judges
heretofore as the Most Excellent
the
p
their
us'd, that nothing may be
offensive to their innate Mo-
desties unless retain'd beyond
the Author's innocent Mean-
Six Honourable Maids.

 **HOPE** no one
will be so rash, to
call me to Ac-
count for making
my Address to the **FAIR**
SEX; for nothing is more
certain, than there are **LADIES**

iv DEDICATION.

who are as competent Judges
hereof, as the Men; nay,
they have often greater Ca-
pacities; and as it waits upon
them, therefore Caution is
us'd, that nothing may be
offensive to their innate Mo-
desties, unless strain'd beyond
the Author's innocent Mean-
ing; whom they'll excuse
for his Length in one of the
Pieces contain'd in this Book,
since meddling with what
relates to the FAIR SEX
is a tender, and ticklish Point
to be handled, and of a nice
Nature; which puts me (in
this Undertaking) upon di-
vining,

DEDICATION. W

ving, as far as may be, into
the Bottom of every thing I
have touch'd upon.

TAKE, therefore, ye HO-
NOURABLE VIRGINS, the
Facts here represented, either
to be fictitious, or real, such
Cases may have happen'd in
Life: But, as there is no
other Intention hereby, but
only to form a Narrative,
for Amusement and Diver-
sion of the Readers, especially
the LADIES, the Lock is
before 'em, and all have the
Liberty to try, and fit their
Keys: But if in any one
Piece

VI DEDICATION.

Piece they find, either in Arguments, or Examples, any thing which “ Tallies with “ the Conduct and Characters of Persons living, I make no Application; so that, if Persons will take the Scandal to themselves, much Good may it do them ——— *Qui capit, ille facit.*



THE

Piece



THE

Palace Miscellany.

THE

Young Lady's Catechism:

In a Dialogue between Miss *Forward*, and Betty
Sly, her Chamber-Maid.

BETTY.

WELL, Miss, you are now entered into
your *Teens*, and I hope you can repeat
your Catechism.

MISS.

Yes, Betty, and if I could do every Thing
else as well as I can do that, I know what should
be done before *Sunday* next.

BETTY.

What is your Name?

MISS,

MISS.

(That is a foolish Question; every little Child of five Years old can answer it.

BETTY.

What did they, who gave you your Name, promise for you?

MISS.

Much more than I am able, or ever design to perform.

BETTY.

What do you believe?

MISS.

I do believe that I am Flesh and Blood as well as other People, and that I ought to do as my Mother did before me; and if I had a Husband, I would hug him, and kiss him, and love him dearly: That I would not be ashamed to go to Bed with him, or to do any Thing that he would have me. I believe I shall have many Children, or, if I have not, it shall not be my Fault, for I should soon learn to play my Part as well as another Woman. I do believe there is much Pleasure in Matrimony, especially during the Honey-Moon.

BETTY.

Would you obey your Husband in all Things!

MISS.

Yes, provided they suited with my Inclination; but particularly in *One Thing*; which I wou'd not refuse by Night or by Day.

BETTY

BETTY.

Let me hear if you can say the *Young Lady's* Prayer.

MISS.

Gentle *Cupid*, God of Love,
Teach me how the Time t' improve;
When I shall my Sweet-heart meet,
Or behold him at my Feet,
Kneeling down before the Shrine,
Precious as a golden Mine;
With thy never failing Dart
Gently wound his tender Heart,
Let him ever, ever be
True to Love, and true to me.
And then, *Venus*, Goddess Fair,
Kindly listen to my Pray'r,
Let him jolly be, and young,
Sweet his Voice, and sweet his Tongue,
With a graceful Air and Mien,
And a — better felt than seen;
One Thing more, O Goddess, grant,
Viz. That I may never want
What young Women ought to have,
What they love, and what they crave.

BETTY.

A Very good Prayer, truly. — What is the chief End of Man?

MISS.

That is a *paw* Question, and I will not give you an Answer.

BETTY.

To what End or Purpose were you made?

[B *]

MISS.

MISS.

To raise up Seed unto *Abraham*.

BETTY.

Which Way is that to be done ?

MISS.

In the right Way; just as Nature does direct.

BETTY.

When is the properest Time for a young Woman to Marry ?

MISS.

In her Youth, when her Inclination is strong, and the Love-fit is upon her.

BETTY.

What are the Signs of a Maiden-head ?

MISS.

According to the New Doctrine of our modern Surgeons, there is no Sign to be perceived, but I believe they FIBB; I would willingly ask one of 'em, who Married a young Gentlewoman, whether his Wife was a Maid, and if so, then by what Sign or Token he knew her to be one ?

BETTY.

If your Husband had a Mind to Sport with you, when you have no Inclination to it, would you obey him in that Particular ?

MISS.

MISS.

As every Woman is *tout* *four pre's*, always ready, so she ought to oblige her Husband in that Point; and every Wife should be reckon'd a Fool, if she would refuse a *good Thing* when it was offer'd to her.

BETTY.

What is the principal Thing that a Husband ought to do to his Wife?

MISS.

He ought to give her due Benovolence.

BETTY.

What do you mean by that Word, Benevolence?

MISS.

That is, to cherish her Heart, and comfort her Body.

BETTY.

Is Marriage a Myſtery?

MISS.

No; but there is a *myſtical Union* in Marriage, which does not continue long at one Time.

BETTY.

What are the Benefits whereof Women are Partakers by Matrimony?

MISS.

The Delights of the Marriage-Bed, and the Pleasure they take in their Children.

BETTY.

BETTY.

What is required of those that are going to be Married ?

MISS.

That they do not consider what they are going about ; for if they do, they will never perform it.

BETTY.

What sort of Men are chiefly to be chosen for Husbands ?

MISS.

Parsons ; because they get the most Children.

BETTY.

Ought a Woman, when she is married, sue for a Devorce, if her Husband is not able to perform Family-Duty ?

MISS.

Yes, certainly ; there is as much Reason for that, as there is for a Person to turn off his Servant, who is not capable of doing his Work.

BETTY.

Have you any Inclination to Matrimony ?

MISS.

Yes: And if I could meet a Man to my Mind, I would marry him this Instant ; for I am not afraid of any Thing he could do to me.

E H T



THE
Mourning Bride.

VAINLOVE was the only Son of a rich Merchant, who dying, left him worth between Forty and Fifty Thousand Pounds. His Father's Avarice had made him frequently wish his Death, that he might the sooner be Master of his Riches, and have it in his Power to indulge himself in his Passions. He was infinitely ambitious of two Things; the one was, of being a Favourite with the Ladies, wherein, hitherto, he had met with very ill Success; and the other was, of passing for a Man of Family.

His Father having designed him against his Will for a Physician, bred him up a Scholar; but Learning, which improves the Minds of others, served only to spoil him, in making him more troublesome to his Friends, more insolent to Strangers, and vastly more opinionated of his own Merits.

With this Estate, and these extraordinary Qualities, join'd to a very disagreeable Person, he made his Entrance on the Stage of the World; and removing from the City to the Court End of the Town, set up a Chariot and two Footmen, and gave himself out to be a Man of Family and Fortune, and disposed to marry.

The Marriage-Brokers soon got Scent of our Squire for an excellent Bubble, and seldom a Day pass'd without their coming and making him some Proposal. But as the great Opinion he had of his own Merit, made him very difficult in his Choice, three Years pass'd over without his coming to any Conclusion; during which the mercenary Embraces of some kind-hearted Girls, made him Amends for the Delay of a *lawful Conjunction Copulative*.

As yet then he had not settled his Affections on any particular Object, but, like the Bee, had roved from Flower to Flower, when an unforeseen Accident determined his Choice, and inflamed him with a real Passion.

One Day, as he was turning the Corner of a Street, he found a Crowd of People gather'd about a Coach that was overturned, and out of which they were helping a Woman about 50, who seem'd to be a Person of Condition, and a Beautiful young Lady about 18, who seem'd to be her Daughter, as she really was.

Kainlove, who till then had not met with any one who in his Opinion was worthy of his Affections, was as it were thunderstruck at this Sight, and the Coach being rais'd up, and the Ladies got in, he took the Pains to follow it to their House.

Upon Enquiry in the Neighbourhood, he was inform'd, that the Eldest was a Merchant's Widow, who had left her but in indifferent Circumstances; but that to make Amends, the Youngest, who was her Daughter, and whose Name was *Chloris*, had a vast Fortune left her, by an Uncle, who was immensely Rich.

This Account added Fuel to the Fire; he judg'd her more worthy of the Honour of his Alliance

alliance than any one he had yet seen; and from that Moment resolved to think of it seriously, and to that End to contrive some way to get himself introduced into the House. But, unluckily for him, he found that the Mother was one of those spleenetick Ladies that are eaten up with the Vapours, can't bear the least Company, and fancy themselves always Sick; besides that, having the Management of her Daughter's Fortune, she cou'd not endure the Thoughts of Marrying her, and consequently would not suffer any Man to come near the House.

This Difficulty served but to increase his Flame, wherefore some Days being passed without his being able to get Admittance to the Fair One, he found he must have Recourse to a third Person; and having felt the Pulse of an old Sempstress in the Neighbourhood, he pitch'd upon her for this Important Negotiation; and discoursing with her seriously upon this Head, conjured her to assist in his honourable Designs, and accompany'd his Request with some Pieces of Gold.

He cou'd not have pick'd out a properer Person, not only because the Sempstress was no Novice at Intrigues, and was so little scrupulous that she would not have rejected his Proposal, had it been of another Nature than Marriage, but because she had a Daughter about 22 who waited upon the Lady of his Affections. She had the Wit however not to acquaint *Vainlove* with this, for fear that on his finding the Enterprize easy, he shou'd set a lesser Value upon it, and consequently not reward her so generously as otherwise.

She took a Letter then which he gave her, and promised to deliver it faithfully, as she really intended, and with this Design she went to her Daughter to let her into the Secret, and make her the Confidant of this Intrigue.

This Daughter was much of the Size of her Mistress, and of the same Name; she resembl'd her likewise in some measure, was well shaped, and had little Eyes full of Fire: But then she was Subtle, Witty, Bold, and Designing beyond Imagination; having her Thoughts always intent upon her own Interest, and not easily letting slip any Opportunity of serving herself.

She immediately conceived that she might improve this Intrigue of *Vainlove's* to her own Advantage; wherefore after having heard her Mother out very patiently; she told her that the Design upon her Mistress was impracticable; not only by reason of the Obstacles her Mother wou'd lay in their Way, but because her Mistress was already engaged to One who had got Entrance by pretending to love the Old Lady; but that if she would second her in a Design she had come into her Head, she would manage Matters so as to catch the *Woodcock* herself.

The Mother, who had been used to stick at nothing, soon apprehended her Daughter's Design, and commended it, whereupon she embraced her, and promised her her Assistance; after which having consulted together about one Hour, upon the best means to bring their Project to bear, it was resolved not to deliver his Letter to her Mistress, but opening it they found therein as follows.

I Seek

I Seek you every where, and can meet you no where; are the Obstacles that debar me from your Sight unsurmountable? And if I am prevented telling you what I suffer for you, cannot my Eyes at least meet yours, and offer you the Tender of my Heart. For want of such an Opportunity I have Recourse to this Note; I am promised to have it deliver'd to you, I hope it will, and that it will persuade you that 'tis impossible to love you better than you are beloved by
 Yours, &c.

VAINLOVE.

The Daughter put this Letter in her Trunk, as the Foundation Stone of the Superstructure she designed to build thereon; the old Sempstress told *Vainlove* that his Letter had been faithfully deliver'd, that it had been read without any Dislike, that she even found his Charming would be glad to see him, and that if he wou'd be the next Night at the Play he wou'd infallibly find her there in the Front-Box, but that he must take care not to approach her, because her Mother would be there likewise, in whose Presence she durst not so much as look up.

She added, that the old Lady kept her Daughter up almost like a Slave; and that she would be glad to get out of her Clutches; that he might take his Measures accordingly; but that whilst he took Advantage of the Daughter's favourable Disposition, he must take care not to be discover'd by the Mother who wou'd infallibly lock her up.

Vainlove believed all this as Gospel, and went to the Play accordingly, where he saw his Mistress, her Mother and she being engaged to go there some Days before, having taken some
 Tickets

Tickets for the Benefit of one of the Actors. This was enough for a Lover so full of himself as *Vainlove*, not to doubt but his Letter had work'd the desir'd Effect upon his Mistress, and ascribing her taking no Notice of him only to a prudent Circumspection, he went home as well pleased as if she had given him the greatest Encouragement imaginable.

This first Step being got over, the old Sempstress went to the Lover, and finding him the most satisfy'd in the World, told him he must not let her cool; that all Things were favourably disposed; and that he ought to write to *Chloris* to acquaint her with his real Intentions. That for her part she would contrive her good Offices to him, since his Love tended only to the Honour and Ease of a young Lady who had languish'd for above two Years in the most cruel Slavery.

Hereupon *Vainlove* gave her a second Letter wherein he assures his Mistress that his Designs had always been to marry her, that nothing cou'd dissuade him from it, and that she need only give him her Orders which he wou'd put punctually in Execution. This Letter also was put in the Maid's Trunk, and after having let *Vainlove* wait two Days, in Expectation of an Answer, in order to make him still more impatient, the old Sempstress went to him, and assured him that his Mistress sympathized with him in his Inclinations.

For about a Fortnight Things went on in this Manner, *Vainlove* sent every Day the most pressing and most tender Letters; to which the *Go-between* brought him back such obliging Answers by Word of Mouth, that he was just distracted with Impatience to see his Mistress, and
bring

bring Matters to a Conclusion; when every Thing being ripe for Execution the old Sempstress carry'd him this Letter from her Daughter, as if written by her Mistress.

YOU are resolv'd then upon Marrying me, and if I believe all the Assurances you have given me in Writing, no Consideration whatsoever will hinder you. It does not become a Maiden like me to tell you that my Peace and Fortune depend upon you, I intrust them both in your Hands; you cannot do a more generous Action than to deliver me from my present Restraint, and wou'd be the basest of Men if you shou'd deceive me. I ought not to discover my Weakness to you, and am not ignorant what Measures my Duty prescribs me upon that Head; but your Love has got the better of my Modesty, and I can no longer resist the Violence that hurrys me away. Remember that lost Moments are never to be recover'd; in the mean while it is necessary for me to see you; let your Friend guide you, she will acquaint you both the Time and the Place.

Tours, &c.

CHLORIS.

Vainlove, whose Head was turn'd with reading Romances, wept for Joy on reading this Letter, kiss'd it Fifty Times, and thought himself at the Zenith of his Happiness; wherefore a Gold Watch paid the Carriage of this Letter, and the Advice the old Woman brought him, that between Nine and Ten that Night after the Mother was gone to Bed, and it was very Dark, she would conduct him to his Mistress, to resolve upon what Measures shou'd be taken.

He

He got himself ready, dress'd himself as handsomely as he could, put a large Diamond Ring upon his Finger, and went along with the *Go-between*, who introduced him by a Back-Door into the old Lady's Garden; he had not waited there a Quarter of an Hour, under a little Arbour, when the Maid who had just put her Mistress to Bed, and dress'd herself in her Cloaths came to the Place of *Rendezvous*.

As she was almost of the same Size and Shape, tho' not near so handsome, the Night prevented his discovering the Difference, and he cou'd not discover the Deceit by her Voice, because he had never spoken to either of them.

It would be difficult to express *Vainlove's* Joy; the old Beldame withdrew a little, on Pretence of being upon the Watch, to give them more Liberty of Discoursing, whilst *Vainlove* made the most lively and moving Protestations, to which *Chloris*, answer'd with an affected Modesty, which mimick'd her Mistress to the Life. At last she told him plainly that he must not flatter himself with the Hopes of her Mother's ever consenting to her Marrying any Body, not only because she enjoy'd a large Fortune which belonged to her, but because she designed to Marry herself: That therefore the only Course that remained for them to take was for her to make her Escape from her Mother's, and that after their Marriage she wou'd be forced to consent to it, and to restore to her her Fortune, but if she got the least Item of it, she would lock her up 'till she came of Age.

Hereupon *Vainlove* offered to do whatever she desired, and pressing her not to defer it, 'twas agreed, that the next Night about the same Hour, he should come to the Garden Door

Door with a Coach, into which she would get with her Friend, and drive directly to the Fleet, because being under Age, and not having her Mother's Consent, they cou'd not have a License.

Every Thing being thus concluded on, *Vainlove* as a Pledge of his Faith put on her Finger the Diamond he had brought, took a Kiss, which she suffer'd after abundance of Resistance, and for her greater Security promised to send her a Promise of Marriage drawn up in the strongest Terms that cou'd be, after which he took his Leave.

The next Day he prepared himself for the Execution of his Design, and the first Thing he did was to send by the old *Go-between* an Authentick Promise of Marriage, which was likewise safe lock'd up in the Trunk: At Night at Ten o'Clock he went to the appointed Place with a Hackney Coach, and without any Footman, where he had not been long before *Chloris*, dress'd in her Mistress's Cloaths, came into the Coach to him, together with her Mother, having first taken care to draw a Silk Hood and a Gawze one so well over her Face, 'twas impossible she should be discover'd when she came to the Light, which he took for a Sign of her Modesty.

Being come to the Fleet, they got out at a Publick House, where the Knot was soon ty'd, and there being a Bed in an inner Room, the Mother very decently withdrew to give them an Opportunity to make all Things sure, whilst the Bride blew out the Candle and undress'd herself in the Dark on Pretence of Bashfulness. *Vainlove* very readily swallow'd the Bait, and soon follow'd her, but guess his Surprize, Asto-

nishment, and Madness, when her Mother coming in with Lights, and the People of the House as Witnesses, he found himself in Bed with one whom he had never till then seen to his Knowledge.

He enquired who the Devil she was, and on the old Woman's answering that she was her Daughter, and asking him if he did not know his own Wife, to whom he had given a Promise of Marriage, and sent so many passionate Letters, he was within an Ace of getting up and beating them both, and protested loudly against the infamous Trick that had been play'd him, vowing to be divorced. But upon his asking Council the next Day and finding there was no Remedy, he did the wisest Thing he ever had done in his Life, which was to take her Home, fully resolved to make her dearly repent her Imposture. In short, contrary to her Expectation, he had Resolution enough to keep her so close confin'd, and to use her so ill, for Six Months together, that at the End of that Time she broke her Heart, as did her Mother also, and both of them dy'd unpity'd, and unlamented; no Body blaming *Vainlove* for his Behaviour to her.

This I think may serve as a Warning to the whole Sex, not to trick Men into Marriages, by any Impostures, or on any Account whatsoever, since 'tis always in their Power to be severely revenged on them.

T H E

THE
Progress of Matrimony.
IN
FOUR CANTOS.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

How Rapes have happen'd on the Earth,
Since Mother Nature's early Birth.
The Muse invoc'd, the Story told,
The *Belle-Dame's* youthful Thoughts, tho' old:
How she went to a Conjuror,
And what occur'd 'twixt him and her.

CANTO I.

I Sing the Rape of an old Woman,
The Story's true, the Thing uncommon.
Prometheus, as the Poets feign,
Rap'd Fire from Heav'n, and made a Man.
None of the *Sabine* Girls escap'd
The *Roman* Youth, but all were rap'd.
'Twas so among the merry *Greeks*,
King *Agamemnon*, in his Frecks,
Put fair *Briseis* to the Squeaks.
Tarquin, no whit behind with *Greece*,
Seiz'd, for his Prey, the chaste *Lucrece*:

And (tho' 'twas taken much in Dudgeon)
Hellen was rap'd by trusty *Trojan*.
 King *Tereus* (as the Poets tell)
 Rap'd the melodious *Philomel*.
 And *Jove* himself (resolv'd to have a Share
 With Mortals) was the greatest Ravisher :
 But he attack'd in Masquerade,
 Turn'd Eagle, to rape *Ganymede* ;
Leda to rape, intent upon,
 He took the Figure of a Swan ;
Europa, like a Bull, deflours,
 And *Dana*, in golden Show'rs ;
 He rap'd *Calisto*, fair *Egina*,
 Beauteous *Antiope*, and *Alcmena*.
 Fair *Proserpine* did not escape
 The God, when *Pluto* made his Rape.
Juno had met with the same Case,
 Had not a Cloud supply'd her Place,
 And fill'd the Ravisher's Embrace ;
 Tho' *Ixion* was deceiv'd, in her,
 The Cloud sustain'd the Ravisher,
 The Poets sing, the Silver Moon
 Ravish'd the Boy, *Endymion*.
 Nature enjoys its various Shapes,
 Its beauteous Forms, all due to Rapes.
 Confus'd in Darkness was the Light,
 'Till Day was ravish'd from the Night :
 Thence Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Sea,
 Were rang'd into Oeconomy.
 The glorious vegetable Birth,
 (The beauteous Off-springs of the Earth)
 Are rap'd into their Preservation,
 By Labour, Art, Inoculation.
 By Rape, the Fruits we meliorate ;
 The Flow'rs, by Rape, we variegate !

The

The Theme, my Muse, pursue, relate
Rogeria's (1) Ravishment, and Fate ;
 Tell how the Hero gain'd his Prize,
 And, after, how the Captive flies.

Beyond the Memory of Man,
 (Almost) *Rogeria's* Life began :
 But still, she looks with youthful Bloom,
 As if the Blue wa'nt off the Plumb.
 Love does Wonders every Day,
 Makes the Old look young and gay.
 She'd lain consulting on her Pillow,
 For several Years, to get a Fellow :
 For she had had but Husbands four,
 And then she long'd to have one more.
 The Third that was her humble Slave,
 Was of the Family of *Grave* (2).
 Whether a Husband, or a Lodger,
Grave she was call'd, before she took to *Roger* (3).

When he, her last Companion, dy'd,
 Tears (shed for Form) were quickly dry'd, }
 But then for something else she cry'd !
 And, sighing ! did her Fate bemoan,
 Because she liv'd and lay alone :

Then *Hymen* earnestly implores
 To grant her some new Paramours :
 And since all Marriages, cry'd she,
 Like Hanging, go by Destiny,
 Suitors, as many as you please,
 Send to adore with bended Knees :
 But, least too much of Time I lose,
 While this, and that, and t'other wooes, }
 (All lik'd) I know not which to choose,
 Some Signs to me prognosticate
 For whom I'm doom'd in Book of Fate ;

(1) Her Poetical Name.

(2) Sur-Name of one of her Husbands.

(3) Another Husband's Name.

That

That I may marry time enough,
Before I burn too near the Snuff.

Hymen, Espouser of the Fair,
The Suppliant heard, and grants her Pray'r.

The God of Marriage has his Oracles,
These tell Wonders, and do Miracles:
His Mysttick Warn, who, chiefly weilds,
Lives in a Dome, within *Moor-fields*:

'Twas there *Rogeria* had Direction
To go, and have full Satisfaction.

Then, wing'd with Joy, inspir'd by Love,
She quickly reach'd th' enchanted Grove,
Found the Magician in his Cell,
And did to him her Story tell,
Who told her (then) he knew't full well.

Quoth he, (with serious skrew'd-up Face)

Madam, I understand your Case:

Then made a Circle with his Pen,

A Line drew through, and cross agen;

To each of these, one parallel,

Before he cou'd her Fortune tell;

Which is the (modest) Way he's willing

To signify he wants a Shilling.

At first she did not understand,

'Till middle Finger of Left-hand,

Within his Palm of Right, he strok'd,

While, stedfast in her Face he look'd.

Immediately she took the Hint,

And tho', sometimes, she'd skin a Flint,

Yet Niggards are the most profuse,

When Int'rest makes 'em give a Loose.

Rogeria thought a golden Bait

Wou'd bribe this Oracle of Fate,

Make him unfold his Magick Art,

And all his Skill, at once, impart;

Wherefore, she gently laid a Guinea on

The Table, craving his Opinion.

He

He quickly saw it, (you'll believe)
He saw it, and laugh'd in his Sleeve.

Then he began to cast a Figure,
And look'd upon the Lady, eager.

Madam, says he, I've bent my Fancy
To studying of *Necromancy*;
'Tis in my Power to discover

The Thing you want so much — your Lover:
I'll turn my Books o'er all, at Leisure,
And study how to do you Pleasure.

These Words so work'd upon her Temper,
She dropt a Curt'sy, with a Simper.

The first Experiment, I'll try
To calculate *Nativity*;
The next Experiments shall be
Physiognomy, and *Palmestry*;
Then, tell the Meaning of your *Moles*,
From Tip of Head, down to your Soles.
Next, I shall give you some short Schemes,
How to interpret certain *Dreams*.

Madam, at this, began to twitter,
For nothing cou'd more patly hit her.

NATIVITY.

Now I proceed (without Tautology,
Which Gypsies use) in Art-Astrology.
I've mark'd the Time, you put your Question,
The Day, and Hour, your Birth bears *Teste* on,
I'll quickly find (you may depend on't)
The Planet, Lord of the Ascendant.
Take the Position of the Signs,
In due Proportion draw my Lines,
Erect a Scheme, find out a Parallel,
And so observe from a good Star, or ill,
How ruling Planet then disposes,
Shew plain as on your Face your Nose is.

'Tis

'Tis done! I scorn to do what's clancular,
 Look! there's the House, which is third An-
 gular,
 The House of Marriage!—Seventh House!—
Venus is in't!— and that allows
 You're sure to have another Spouse.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Now, let me minute, as I pass,
 The Lines of Fate upon your Face.
 Madam, that Dimple in your Cheek,
 Does amorous Inclination speak;
 That little Doubling of your Chin,
 Denotes you're lovely to the Men:
 Five Lines I've in your Forehead spy'd,
 Which shew you'll be five Times a Bride:
 I find, by circling of your Brows,
 You've Love enough to sate your Spouse:
 Those Eyes still sparkling, Cheeks that glow,
 Those Lips still ruddy, plainly show
 Complexion florid, sanguine, strong,
 And Life, that Marriage will prolong.

PALMISTRY.

Next, Madam, your Left-hand I crave,
 (Which, first, she wip'd, and then she gave)
 Quoth he, this is a luscious Palm,
 As full of Juice as it can cram.
 Madam, at once I plainly see
 Your Lines of Face, and Hands agree:
 In the Lines of Death and Life,
 I find you'll live to be a Wife.
 By Line in Hollow of your Hand,
 (The Field of *Mars*) I understand;
 Handsome enough, well-set, and brave,
 Shall be the Man that's next your Slave.

Both

Both Table-Line, and Middle-Line,
 And *Venus-Girdle* do define,
 Tho' Madam, you will have the Luck,
 St ill, with another Spouse to suc-
 ceed, (and, thereupon, he smil'd)
 Be easy, you'll have ne'er a Child.

MOLES.

Next *Moles*; I see one, for Example,
 On upper side of your left Temple,
 And this denotes, I plainly tell ye,
 You have another on your Belly;
 That by the Corner of your Eye,
 Tells you've another on your Thigh;
 That by your Lips, with Tuft of Hair,
 Shews you've another — you know where;
 All these agree, with one Accord,
 You're bonny and *buxom* at *Bed* and *Board*.

DREAMS.

When ever you are taken Napping,
Dreams I'll interpret as they happen:
 If 'tis your flying in the Air,
 Hair Ring on Finger, (as it were)
 Heaps of small Silver being told,
 Ring of Pieces of broad Gold,
 Embracing, kissing such and such Ones,
 Of Ravens, Owls, Coffins, Escotcheons,
 Of climbing Hills, descending Ladders,
 Of Lyons, Wolves, of Snakes, and Adders,
 Lawyers, *Canary-Birds*, Attorneys,
 Of Wrestling, Swimming, riding Journeys,
 Of Flow'rs, of Groves, of Thunder, Fire,
 Or being daggled in the Mire,
 Of Breach, of Promises, of Theft,
 Of losing all the Teeth you've left;

D

Dreams,

Dreams, Morpheus, God of Sleep, reveals
 To me, which he from you conceals :
 To know the Consequence of these,
 Madam, you're welcome, when you please,
 On Payment of refreshing Fees.
 But, Madam, as a Present take
 This little Paper of Bride-Cake :
 Fast any Friday in the Year,
 When *Venus* mounts the starry Sphere,
 Thrust this, at Night, in Pillowber.
 In Morning Slumber, you will seem
 T' enjoy your Lover in a Dream.

Well satisfy'd, the Lady goes,
 And trampled on her Shoes and Hose.
 She thought herself as sound as Roach,
 And never wou'd afford a Coach.
 In all Things she was very frugal,
 Except concerning Rites Con-jugal :
 When upon Matrimony bent,
 She did not care how much she spent :

Thus *Cupid* points his Darts with Gold,
 To hit the Covetous and Old ;
 When in their Breast his Arrow's darted,
 They're juvenile and open hearted.





Progress of Matrimony.

The ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

The Lady's Thoughts, and what befel her,
 As coming from the Fortune-Teller.
 Arguments are enforc'd, and strong Ones,
 To prove Old Women to be Young Ones,
 A short Digression (which in Course is)
 On Horse-Racers, and Jockies Horses,
 How, fall'n in Love, she gan to languish;
 Her Lover, too, is smote with Anguish,
 And try's how many Ways there are
 To hang Sorrow, and cast away Care.

CANTO II.

NOW nothing else did run in Head,
 But what the Conjuror had said;
 On ev'ry Thing that he related,
 As she went on, she ruminated:
 Thus, with herself, to think began,
 This surely was a *Cunning-Man*!
 H'as told me all (I can't but laugh)
 My Fortune, plain as a Pike-Staff;
 That I shall live to be a Wife;
 That Marriage will prolong my Life;
 Five Times a Bride! for all what's past,
 Have love enough to glut the last:

That I'm of amorous Inclination,
 Lovely to Men, was his Expression.
 A handsome Husband, and well set,
 And one that's brave shall be my Fate;
 In this I'm promis'd to succeed,
 I care not (now-a-days indeed)
 Whether, or no, a Child I breed.
 He spoke of Moles I've here, and there —
 'Tis certain he's a Conjuror !

I long to fast, to sleep, to wake,
 And Virtues know of Bridal-Cake.

Thus, ev'ry Step she took, she ponder'd,
 Warpt up in Thought, along she warder'd,
 Mistakes the Turnings of the Streets,
 Then runs against some One she meets.
 Jove having *Mercury* at Hand,
 Sent him to guide her with his Wand,
 To noted Place, that's call'd *Black-Fryars*,
 (Where Oars and Skulls are constant Plyers)
Charon she call'd, who, in his Wherry,
 His Mistress did to *Lambeth* ferry;

Then she was in her ready Road,
 For there the Lady had Aboard.

E'er many Days were gone and over,
Rogeria had her Wish — a Lover,
 A Military Man of *Mars*;
 She hugg'd herself, and thank'd her Stars;
 The Colonel made a warm Attack,
 But had a Rival at his Back;
 One of the Gown apply'd to *Rogee*,
 And so 'twas *cedunt arma Togæ*.

When first she saw him, O! Quoth she,

This is the Man! — The Man for me!

The Sage describ'd him to a T —

I taster'd *Friday*, had my Dream,

And dreamt of none but perfect him.

He,

He, you must know, was bred in Schools,
 Had conn'd all Lessons, learnt all Rules ;
 Cou'd all the Classicks construe, parse,
 Declaim in Prose, and cap in Verse ;
 Cou'd tell what's *Latin* (on a sudden)
 For bak'd in Pan, or Bag-boil'd Puding,
 That Proof of Pudding's when Teeth part 'em,
 If *coctum*, or if *pistum fartum* !
 Cou'd entertain, and roast Opponent,
 With others Thoughts, and some of's own in't ;
 Cou'd toast a Health, and bring it pat in,
 Sentences interlard with *Latin* ;
 Cou'd cook up, out of Hand, Disputes,
 With nice *Greek* Phrase, or *Hebrew* Roots.
 Sir, he like any *Terra filius*,
 (When e'er he had a Mind to do it)
 Cou'd write Heroicks like *Hic illius*
Arma, hic currus fuit !
 Cou'd immitate the lofty *Pindar*,
 When e'er he pleas'd to keep within Door !
 Cou'd, soft as *Horace*, tune the Lyrick,
 And lash, like *Juvenal*, Satyrick ;
 Was fully vers'd in Scenes Dramatick,
 Where Lines rowl on, like Streams Aquatick }
 In foaming Surges *Adriatick* ;
 In softest Laies his Muse cou'd smile,
 Or joke in *Hudibrastick* Style ;
 For ev'ry one, as well as I know,
Proluit labra fonte Caballino (4).
 In midst of his Poetick Strains,
 He, Poet-like, had Guts in's Brains.
 Knew, 'fore he read in *Tully's* Offices,
In legendis veteribus proficis.

After this leberal Education,
 He thought of Wife, for Conversation ;

(4) *Persius*.

Then,

Then, Scholar-like, intense he stood,
 And, being in a merry Mood,
 Wou'd conjugate himself — he wou'd!
 Quo' he, t' himself (upon Reflection)
 There's no declining *Inter-jection*,
 Nor a *Conjunction*; so, I'll place you,
 With Feminine Gender, *gignendi casu*.
 And, for Meet-Help, intend to have
 No young Coquet, but Matron Grave,
Propria quæ maribus can't affront her,
Fœminis generi tribuantur.

Rumour of publick Voice, and Fame,
 Had spread her Character, and Name,
 To have been frugal, and industrious,
 (Tho' somewhat passionate, and boist'rous),
 Reputed notable, and stirring,
 With Thirty Thousand Pounds concurring,
 She'd gather'd up, by cunning clinching
 Of Bargain, and by Belly pinching;
 By Sailors Tickets, lending Boats out;
 By taking Pawns, discounting Notes out;
 As wily, and as grasping, she,
 As e'er Director of *South-Sea*;
 As Salt as was the Wife of *Lot*;
 Further, Deponent sayeth not.

Soon as he felt her with his Eyes,
 Nature began to sympathize;
 Th' Influence of the Sex is common,
 Attractive! O! Magnetick-Woman;

Thus, when the Sun begins to rise,
 The Dews advance to kiss the Skies;
 The Loadstone, thus, does Steel controul,
 And, thus, the Needle seeks the Pole;
 Thus, one Hair (5) has a greater Force
 To draw, than has a Team of Horse.

(5) For Example, in Fishing-Tackle.

Then

Then he began t' accost and woo her,
And push the Matter home unto her.
Marriage, cry'd she, I understand,
'Tis taking a great Thing in Hand;
Therefore (before 'tis enter'd into)
Let's weigh it well, as I've a Mind to;
And tho' by you 'tis handled slightly,
I'd have you deal with me uprightly;
For that's the Thing that I delight in,
And spend my Thoughts both Day and Night
in:

I'm very plain and open wi' ye,
And tell you, Sir, what I say t' ye,
That I expect, as you have Youth,
You'll not conceal the naked Truth;
The Thing's a Thing to make no Jest on,
'Tis therefore thus I pop the Question;

Good Sir, if I may be so bold,
Won't you imagine I'm too old,
And then not to your Bargain stand?
Give me your Notion out of Hand.

Madam, said he, this is a Bauble,
You are, to me, *Fort agreeable*;
Therefore I think it is my Duty
To state the Point — *de senectute*.

Madam, said he, (with an Embrace)
Give me Leave to handle the Case,
You'll find my Argument won't fail;
To no Opponent I'll turn tail;
Let me but trespass on your Leisure,
You'll not complain of too hard Measure:
And by my Argument, at length
I shall convince you of its Strength.

Since Life of Man can't farther linger
Than Span, (from Thumb to little Finger)
And each Hair's Breadth may hap to be
Or his, or her *Catastrophe*;

Those

Those who, of Life, do run the Stage,
 Whether we call it Youth, or Age,
 'Tis all alike, they're Terms Synonymous;
 As you'll perceive, *ut infra ponimus* :

Whether they started fair, or not,
 Or farthest went, 'vails not a Jot :
 Whether 'tis when they first begun,
 In midst of Race, or when 'tis run ;
 They're youngest deem'd, 'mongst one another,
 Who farthest, yet, can hold than t'other.
 They're nearest to succumb in Death,
 Who are the soonest out of Breath.
 They're farthest from their Journey's End,
 Who have the most of Life to spend.
 To reach the Goal of Life's uncertain,
 Whether at fourscore Years, or fourteen.

Age shou'd not be by Years computed,
 If 'tis, that's easily confuted ;
 This Query soon will have Solution,
 Measure but Age by Constitution.
 What's Life, that has not its Enjoyments,
 Or Senses, wanting their Employments ?
 They, surely, daily, hourly, die,
 Who cannot Health and Ease enjoy.
 Hale Constitution who survive,
 But tarry, in the World, not live.
 Why may not one be deem'd, at Twenty,
 Older than one, at past Se-venty,
 When the old Youth is crazy, sickly,
 And found for Life the more unlikely ?

By length of Time, in Life transacted,
 The well-knit Sinews are compacted,
 Hardy the Trunk, Sap full concocted.
 Of Ills, the Pores (contextur'd stronger)
 Not so susceptible as the Younger.
 The Elder have their Judgement strong,
 Confirm'd more solid than the Young.

Of Age, who therefore's a Despiser?
 As we grow older, we grow wiser.
 As Persons are esteem'd more Sage,
 So they're made Hon'able by Age.
 Reason at full Growth, moves more steady,
 Not like the Juvenile and Giddy:
 While Volatile flies off in Vapour,
 (The *Mercury* not fixt, as proper)
 Their Constitution stands, unbroke,
 And hearty as the well-grown Oak,
 Not subject, as the tender *Cion*,
 Each blighting Breath of Wind to die on.

More, what's call'd, Youth's in what's call'd
 old,
 (One Story's good, 'till t'other's to'd)
 And, what's call'd Age, is oftner Youth,
 (For Truth will be eternal Truth.)

Age is whatever gives Annoyment
 To the Career of Love's Enjoyment:
 Young Girls are very old, to me,
 When pruded with Formality;
 Shy, unexperienc'd, cold, untoward,
 Awkard, ungainly, sullen, froward!
 The Elder more deserve admiring,
 Who, (coming, yielding, and desiring!)
 As Tinder with a Spark take Firing!
 Not like the Green-sick Girls, half-mopen,
 But, much more frank, and free, and open;
 With more Entrancements can improve
 Each Pleasure, longer vers'd in Love;
 Relish, with more experienc'd Joys,
 The fleeting Pleasure Youth destroys;
 Frolick, as Girls can gaily flutter,
 And don't so smell of Bread and Butter!
 Who know *Rogeria*, she, they knew, is
 No more old Woman than young *Chloe* is.

Much more he said, (as may be guess'd)
Quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

'Tis Love can make a Paradox,
 Or Orthodox, or Heterodox!

Aeneas, by his Tail, won *Dido*;
 By his, our Hero won the Widow:

Besides, she'd heard his spreading Fame,
 Both where he was, and whence he came.

Our Lover sprung from worthy Sire
 At famous *R—mond* in *T—kshire*.

The Clime's produce, is hardy, strong,
 Where *Boreas* Breath doth Life prolong.

'Tis thence we owe the best of Breeds;

'Tis thence we have the bravest Steeds,

For Stallion, War-Horse, Coach-Horse, Racer,
 Galloper, Trotter, Ambler, Pacer.

There's none comes near 'em, (*crede mihi*)

To neigh, curvett, to prance, or weehée!

Thence, at *New-Market*, many a Courser
 Out-strips the Wind, and's ne'er the worse, Sir,

Where Noblemen, and simple Tonies

Do, twice a Year, get rid of Monies:

Whence, after emptying their Bags,

They come away with running-Nags;

And those who afterwards have seen 'em,

Find many a Hunter's broken *Frænum*.

And, tho' some say't, that shou'd not say't,

(For all they win, they're in for th' Plate.)

Thence *Bobsey*, *Molly*, *Smiling-Tom*,

Hautboy, and *Pickle-Herring* come;

Thence *Fox* and *Wildfire* grace their Keeper,

Spark, *Margaretta*, *Chimney-Sweeper*;

Thence *Quiet*, *Chumsey*, *Snail*, and *Swallow*;

Thence *Squirrel*, and the Names that follow,

Dragon, *Blue-Castle*, *Spider*, *Snake*,

White-Stockings, *Stradler*, *Dimple*, *Rake*,

Smiling-Betty, *Saucy-Jack*;

Thence

Thence *Stripling*, *Shamster*, *Chub*, and *Wrytail*,
And more, whose Names need no Recital:

Whence e'er it is the rest do come,
Here are the best in Christendom,
Strong built, and Truss, with brawny *Haunches*,

Not like the Fenny Breed, with Paunches,
For Coach or Chariot, Cart or Waggon,
Or any kind of Load to drag on.

Hence come the Family of *Dobbin*,
And *Dick*, so famous in Plough-Jobbing.

Hence came (in Days of *Tore*) the Steeds
For Chivalry and Martial Deeds;

Courfers, strong, mettlesome, and fleet,
To *Smithfield*, and *Knight-riding-street*;

To Combatants, and *Heralds* sent,
For Lifts at Tilt and Tournament;

For Knights, dress'd all in Iron Geers,
To mount, and shiver well-couch'd Spears.

And hence, ah! hence, came noted *Sorrel*,
Tho' now grown past doing Good, or Ill!

No *Arab*, *Turk*, no *Barb*, or *Ginnet*,
If for the Place, from these can win it.

Not *Parthian* *Scythian* *German* Horse,
Can equalize with these, for Force.

Ev'n *Alexander's* great *Bucephal*
Is here out-match'd by many a *Kessal*;

Steeds fit to make the Vallies ring,
Darius's like ——— God save the King!

Strong as those seem (the Painters feign)
For *Neptune's* Chariot, on the Main:

Such as the *Horses* of the Sun,
That drew the Car with *Phaeton*.

Hence *Pegasus*, who kick'd a Stone,
And made the *Muses* *Helicon*!

Thrice happy Clime! that thus produces,
Of different Kinds, for different Uses;

For Man and Horse, 'tis no whit various,
Strong both, as *Centaur-Sagittarius*!

Madam, who curious was to trace
Our Lover, from his Native-Place,
Had heard his Fame, (as is aforesaid)
(Of which there needs to be no more said)
Lik'd well the Man, she lik'd his Climate,
(Which gives this Line a Word to rhyme at.)

Thus their Opinions jump'd in Love,
She him, and he did her approve.

Rogeria cou'd not be at Ease,
(Tho' Pains of Love are Pains that please)
She sigh'd all Night, and restless lay;
And, in his Absence, wept the Day;
And tho' she longing, wish'd the Joy,
Yet she'd affect to seem as coy,
And sometimes look *Je ne scay quoy* :
Proud to be courted, (as 'tis common)

In short, she was a very Woman!
He saw it plain, and (by the by)

Acted his Part accordingly :
Knowing, full well, she lov'd him dearly,
He kept his Distance, and look'd querely ;
(As, sometimes pleasant, sometimes rough,
At sometimes smiling, sometimes gruff)
Put on a Manly Resolution

To bring the Matter to Conclusion ;
Struggl'd with Love, and check'd his Passion,
And courted her in her own Fashion :

He acted like a Man of Sense,
And woo'd her with Indifference :
Sav'd Breath in many an Harangue,
But gave his Heart-Strings many a Pang !

His Coldness put her in a Fright,
(Woman's afraid of any Slight)
In the Event, he got her by't. (6)

(6) By this Way of proceeding.

Am

Am I abandon'd by my Lover?
 Cry'd she; No, I'll my Soul discover!
 She was o'er-run with Vapours, wholly,
 And *Hypocondriack* Melancholy;
 So many Thoughts were in her pent,
 They sought for Words to give 'em Vent;
 She cou'd no longer keep 'em in,
 Nor ease 'em by the help of *Gin*!

Then, to her Friends for Aid she flew,
 Unbo'm'd all to all she knew;
 With Sighs and Tears, her Story told,
 And did her Secrets all unfold:
 To her as easy 'twas to Whimper,
 As 'tis to *ludere Par impar*.
 Cry'd she, tho' 'tis not very common
 Man shou'd be courted by the Woman;
 Yet, sometimes Passion swells so high,
 It overcomes our Modesty.

There is a Man on whom I doat,
 I can no longer help to shew't,
 Care not if all the World shou'd know't.
 H'as been my Sweet-heart (off and on)
 For many Months (now past and gone.)
 I, as for my own private Part,
 Do love the Man with all my Heart.
 'Tis not (whatever some suppose)
 By Length of Head, or Length of Nose,
 (Plain, or with *Roman* Rise commanding)
 Right meas'ring Length of Understanding;
 I value him for his Deserts,
 And Goodness of his nat'ral Parts;
 He cou'd assist me in my Con-
 duct — There she sigh'd, and thus went on:
 His Eyes, his Face, his Air, his Shape,
 Commit upon my Soul, a Rape:
 The Charmer's Voice, when e'er I hear,
 Oh! how he ravaishees my Ear!

I love

I love the Ground he goes upon,
Oh ! if he slights me, I'm undone !

Here drain'd the Sluices of her Grief,
By wiping Eyes with Handkerchief.

'Tis that's the Friend, the Friend indeed,
That is a Friend in Time of Need :

Friends are the best of Comforters,
And therefore she apply'd to her's :

Her Grief they pity'd, bore their Shares
With her in Sympathetick Tears ;

Then sooth'd her Sorrows with Advice,
(So Balsom smooths a Cicatrice.)

Madam, said they, be not cast down.

By none, said she, but him alone.

She was persuad'd to be chearful,

And not to be so over fearful.

She cry'd, and smil'd, ('tis not uncommon

She'd both at her Command — *As Woman.*)

At length, she took a Resolution

To bring the Matter to Conclusion,

Conceal no longer her warm Passion

From him, thus, to her own Vexation ;

And then, if she receiv'd a Slight,

Resolv'd to bid the World Good-Night.

He, all this while, receiv'd no Rest,

But felt an Anguish in his Breast ;

Sometimes cou-rageous, sometimes cow-ish,

That is (as 'twere) I don't know how-ish ;

Try'd to divert Love's Malady,

By *Books*, by *Wine*, and *Company*.

BOOKS.

His Author all the while he read,

She still was running in his Head :

Upon one single Page he'd pore.

For half an Hour, and sometimes more,

And read each Sentence o'er and o'er.

He

He wou'd begin again ('tis very odd)
 From Comma, Colon, or at Period;
 But as he read, he still forgot,
 Cou'd not preserve the Chain of Thought.

WINE

Then he resolv'd to take a Bottle,
 And with some Friends to twittle-twattle;
 But Madam still ran in his Noddle;
 For, Wine's a Kindler of Desires;
 'Twas pouring Oyl to quench his Fires;
 'Twas feeding of his Flames with Fuel;
 He'd better have drank Water-Gruel,
 Or Pap (which Nourishes give to wean us)
 For *Bacchus* is a Friend to *Venus*.

COMPANY

Fine Conversation crown'd the Table,
 But 'twas to him mere Bibble-Babble.
 He that was once the brightest Toaster,
 In Argument, the greatest Roaster;
 In Matters comical, or serious,
 Cou'd talk the most, and never weary us;
 Cou'd frame an Argument so pat,
 As to demonstrate This or That;
 Cou'd not be easy, for his Life,
 For Thoughts of his intended Wife;
 Tho' Smiles he forc'd, he still was dull,
 His Thoughts were gathering of Wooll.
 He'd drop a Word or two, or so,
 And sometimes answer, Yes, or No;
 And when he spoke, 'twas random Guess,
 'Wou'd answer No, instead of Yes,
 As playing at cross Purposes:
 Drinks to his Friend, still thinks on her,
 Service t' ye — *Madam* — 'stead of *Sir*.
 He sat on Thorns, the while he staid,

Elbow

Elbow on Table, Hand on Head;
 Then Arms across, on sudden thrown,
 He'd fetch a Sigh, and sometimes groan;
 One while he'd try a Tune to hum,
 Then, in a Moment, was hum-drum.
 He cou'd not whistle out a Minuet,
 Had he Ten Thousand Pounds t' have gi'n you

it.
 Now he'd be picking of a Cork,
 Then he'd be playing with a Fork;
 The Pipes he'd break, (he did not matter 'em)
 Pil'd 'em on Heaps, and then he'd scatter 'em;
 In Peices tear Tobacco-Papers,
 All Arguments of Love and Vapours!
 Friends saw 't, and told him (without
 Flatt'ry)

Letbalis hæret. arundo lateri;
 And all advis'd him, for his Good,
 To put on usual merry Mood;
 He strove in vain, and cou'd not do't.
 The melancholy Cat, just so,
 (For ought that we poor Mortals know)
 For all the while it purrs and sings,
 May fret its Guts to Fiddle-Strings!





THE
Progress of Matrimony.

The ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

The Lovers promise one another,
And so contract themselves together;
(She him, and he resolv'd to wed her)
The Parson pins 'em to their Tedder;
Joy's wish'd, they bed, the Stocking's thrown,
The Damsel leaves 'em all alone;
Next Morning, all she had was shown.

CANTO III.

AS Turtles with each other cooing,
These Lovers pass'd nine Months in
wooing.

Now paint, my Muse, the coming Scene,
Devoid of Clouds, and all serene:
Keep not our Lover from his Mistress,
Nor her from him, too long, in Distress:
Thus long, they've fretting been, and teasing,
Indulge 'em now with something pleasing.
Cupid, Venus, have had their Share,
Now both the Lovers ready are,
O! Hymen! now thy Torch prepare.
Kept have they been long in Suspence,
Now aid 'em with your Influence!
Grant her her long-wish'd Happiness,
And lead him to the Bower of Bliss!

'Twas in the gaudy Month of *May*,
 (When Nature is in all Things gay)
Rogeria (full intent upon
 Marriage — and Consummation)
 Met with her Wooer near a Grove,
 (Witness of their mutual Love)
 There, Gods invoc'd, and plighted Troth,
 Were solemnly perform'd by both;
 Nothing was wanting, but the Priest,
 To join their Hands, (they'd do the rest.)
 So being agreed on Time and Place,
 And to fall to, when he'd said Grace,
 They at th' appointed Place arriv'd,
 Where she, in Consequence was — wiv'd.

Resolv'd to tie the *Gordian Knot*,
 They sent, and so a Parson got,
 Whom she desir'd to connive at
 The Matter, being done in Private;
 He, as may easily be guess'd,
 (They both consenting) acquiesc'd:
 First, ask'd of each, if precontracted,
 'Fore he the Ceremony acted;
 If, to each other, in Affinity
 Related, or in Consanguinity:
 Prior Engagements both deny'd,
 Or any Ways of Kin ally'd,
 (For other Marriages are void.)

It has been Custom (off and on)
 And will be (when we're dead and gone)
 That Man shou'd by the Woman stand,
 In two Respects, on her Right-Hand;
 The first is, at the Time they're Wed,
 The other, when they go to Bed:
 But, otherwise, long as you live,
 To Womankind the Right-Hand give,
 (Save when they're handed to and fro,
 As weakest, to the Wall they go.)

There, ore

Therefore he took the Right Hand of her,
As Husband now, (no longer Lover.)

Thus standing, each of 'em deny'd
Impediment on either Side:

(For Marriage is of no Validity,
That is attended with Frigidity.)

Then *John* was ask'd, if he, for Life,
Wou'd have her for his wedded Wife,
Love, Comfort, Honour her, (whate'er befell)
And keep her Sick, as well as Well;
Forsake, for her Sake, every One,
And keep, 'till Death, to her alone?

To every Article of this,
He readily consented — *Yes*.

Rogee, in Turn, was call'd upon,
If she, for Husband, wou'd have *John*,
Love, Honour, serve him, and obey,
Keep to him (and not run astray?)

To which she frankly answer'd — *Yea*.

Then, Hand in Hand they plight their Vows,
And so become each other's Spouse,
Jointly, for Life, themselves insure,
For Better, for Worse, for Rich, or Poor:

Then, with a Ring (which he bestow'd her)
He wedded, worship'd, and endow'd her;
And, as the Ceremony's done,
This Couple, now, are both but one.
The Tie's so strong, (it is no Wonder)
By no Man to be put asunder.

There was just such another Noose,
The *Gordian* Knot, none cou'd unloose,
'Till cut in twain with Pair of Sheers,
By *Alexander* — (as appears)

And there's three Sisters said to be,
And of these Sisters, Number three,
Each one is call'd a *Destiny*,

Or

Or (cause b'ing all of 'em old Maids)
 The *fatal Sisters* (tullen Jades!)
 Nought can untie that Knot a Wife,
 'Till *Destiny* cuts Thread of Life.

Now, *Muse*, divert us, without Scruple,
 With Pleasures of the Married Couple.

No sooner did the Parson join
 The *Hero*, and the *Heroine*,
 But straight, Quoth he, (and gave a Kiss)
 Joy to the Partner of my Bliss!

Quoth she, being Partner of your Parts,
 Is more your Goodneis, than my Defects!
 Then both in strict Embraces twine,
 As Oak and Ivy, Elm and Vine.

Tho' this, as she wou'd have it be,
 Was done with utmost Privacy,
 Enjoin'd by her to be, some Weeks,
 Kept as conceal'd as Politicks,
 (For Woman's Reason) — for a Whim,
 (Tho' 'f no Import to her, or him.)

Yet, who among the Female Elves,
 Can keep their Secrets to themselves?
 They're burthensome to her that owes 'em,
 Women love Openness, and t' unbosome:
 What's done, she does herself discover,
 Proud of her conjugated Lover.

Now, as the *Gordian Knot* is ty'd,
 Joy to the Bridegroom, and the Bride,
 Joys wish'd by all the Men and Women,
Hymen! O! Hymenæe! Hymen!

When Curt'sies, Compliments, and Bows, }
 From Spouse to Guests, and Guests to Spouse, }
 Were pass'd, and ended in Carouse,
 The Bride, desirous of Fruition, }
 And knowing well her own Condition, }
 By long Experience, (best Phyfician)

Quoth

Quoth she, my tickling Cough, and husky,
Sends me to Bed, as it grows dusky;
What longer Sittings up promote,
This cures my Ratling in the Throat;
(All said and done) this is the Physick,
I find, that eases best the Phthysick.

All acquiesce, in Complaisance,
Break off in Middle of a Dance;
She hastens to the Bridal-Bed,
And he pursues the Way she led;
Soon as he cou'd himself undress,
He took his Place with Eagerness.

Then come all the younger Folk in,
With Ceremony throw the Stocking;
Backward, o'er Head, in Turn they toss'd it,
'Till in Sack-Poffet they had lost it.

Th' Intent of flinging thus the Hose,
Is to hit him or her o' th' Nose;
Who hits the Mark, thus, o'er left Shoulder,
Must married be, e'er twelve Months older.

Deucalion thus, and *Pyrrha*, threw
Behind 'em Stones, whence Mankind grew!

Leaving the married Conple now
Alone together — speed the Plough.

The Reader's apt to say — *Quid tum?*
To which an Answer's ready — *Mum.*

All Night they lay in chaste Embrace,
Envy'd by all, who wish'd their Place!

'Till Dam'sel came, to give 'em Warning
How far Time had advanc'd the Morning:

She blam'd her coming in so soon;
Madam, quoth she, 'tis almost Noon:

You'd better rise, and drink your Coffee,
Than thus lye trembling Bed-clothes off ye.

He rous'd from Bed, undrew the Curtain,
Put Breeches on, and thrust his Shirt in.

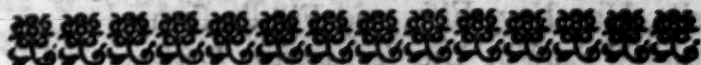
Madam

Madam arose too, Blith and Gay !
 They solac'd all the live-long Day :
 Thus they in Harmony accord,
 And mutual Joys of Bed and Board ;
 Had nought but pleasing Scenes to dream on ;
 Happy ! as *Baucis* and *Philemon* !

Then she discover'd all her Hoards,
 In Corners hid, and under Boards.
 I'll shew you all, quoth she, for that
 I know's a Thing that you'd be at :
 Tho' once I shew'd you all before,
 You see't's enlarg'd some Handfuls more,
 'Thout less'ning, and without Romance,
 You see my naked Circumstance ;
 Here I surrender to your Use,
 My Whole — (which he did not refuse)
 To have, to hold, to occupy,
 And at your Pleasure to enjoy :
 He quickly laid his Fingers on't,
 Then both shook Hands, (as they were wont.)
 So he had *Livery* and *Seisin*,
 'Thout *Twig* or *Turf* (as 'twas but Reason.)

Thus have I seen a strutting Cock,
 When Hen scrapes up the dunghill Muck,
 And does the treasur'd Heaps discover,
 For Entertainment of her Lover,
 Flutt'ring, with Pride, around the Grains,
 Requite his Mistress for her Pains.





T H E
Progress of Matrimony.

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth CANTO.

Rogeria, spirited away,
In Lover's Absence, made a Prey,
Eccho's consulted on th' Escape,
He, tho' indicted for a Rape,
Acquitted from a dark Design is,
Which, for the present, closes — *Finis.*
But, by the way, you'll find in Reading,
The Manner of their Lawyers Pleading.

C A N T O. IV.

R O G E R I A, while she was *Feme-sole*,
Lent not her Money on Parole,
But Pawn, or Bond, or by Deed Poll,
And Writings, fill'd up (without Flaw)
By Council learned in the Law.
For Pledging Tickers of the Seamen,
She'd fill'd up Powers with most Women.
By Sailors gen'rous and unwary,
She rose (like *Venus orta mari!*)
Her Power on the *Thames* as great is,
As in the Ocean's that of *Thetis!*
Many a Tugger at an Oar,
Had deeply ran with her on Score,
And then were forc'd to skulk a-Shore;
She snack'd so much, for her Proportion,
By an Us—rious Ext—rtion!

Marriage

Marriage proclaim'd by Beat of Drum,
 Bells, Hautboy, Fife, and Fiddle-fum,
 Reach'd Ears of the *Terraqueous Britons*,
 Amphibious fresh-water *Tritons*,
 Who, one and all, that were her Debtors,
 Call'd in Assisters and Abettors,
 Resolv'd to catch her, at Hap-hazard,
 To cure their grumbling in the Gizzard,
 And keep her Prisoner of War,
 'Till Matters cou'd be brought to Par,
 Confirm'd in Hopes of good Assurance,
 To work upon her in her Durance;
 And soon as gain'd, by Force of Arms,
 To bring th' old Woman to some Terms;
 When by themselves alone they'd got her,
 T' inveagle, threaten, coax, and flatter,
 While Husband cou'd not watch her Water.

Thus was this *horrid Plot* concerted,
 Thus 'twas contriv'd to get 'em parted,
 Not caring which was broken hearted.

Thus ev'ry one that ow'd a Debt,
 Combin'd, and did the House beset,
 And with their Myrmidons, a Crew,
 Attack'd her in each Avenue:
 'Tis said and done, and off the Premises
 She's stole, (but there is still a *Nemesis*!)

'Twas Absence gave the sad Occasion
 Of their Intrusion and Invasion!
 Guardless, and undefended she,
 He absent, lost his Property.
 'Twas thus these Kidnappers (ah! cruel!)
 Robb'd our Discons late of his Jewel;
 Hurry'd away, alas! too soon,
 He lost her in the Hony-Moon!
 The like Misfortune never did you see,
 Nor hear — save *Orpheus* and *Euridice*!

He

He sought her o'er the Hills and Vales,
 The Woods, and Groves, and flow'ry Dales;
 Consults the Grotto's here and there,
 Seeks his *Rogeria* every where;
 Searches each *Labyrinth's* Meanders,
 And calls her Name where-e'er he wanders.
 Oh! here, cry'd he, I'll seek my *Grave*!

To which the *Eccho* answer'd — *Rave*.
 Is there no Method but *Distraktion*?

To this, the *Eccho* answer'd — *Action*.

Ah! how, quoth he, must I pursue?

The Voice reply'd of *Eccho* — *Sue*.

Say how, cry'd he, 'thout *Hesitation*?

The Voice rebounds again — *Citation*.

Then to (7) *Astraea's* Seat he goes,

Whence Justice to the Injur'd flows,

Where, with an even Hand, the Scale

Is ballanc'd, and th' Oppress'd prevail;

Where Victory rewards the Right,

And Censure lashes th' other Side;

Near to the reverend Doom, and Pile

Rais'd from *Diana's* Temples Spoil.

While he from Friends receives *Condolance*

For Loss of Wife, thus *Nolens Volems*,

(*Rogeria*! ravish'd from her Lord,

And forc'd away from Bed and Board!)

She had (alas!) no friendly Visitors,

But *Wapping* Women, turn'd Sollicitors,

Sollicitors of Law or *Veneris*,

In short, *Hostes humani Generis*;

Such Folk as came by the Procuration

Of those that had her thus in Durance,

As cunning vers'd in Art to wheedle,

As most o' th' Sex that use the Needle;

Amongst 'em, (understanding Trap)

Hang him, says one, I'd swear a *Rape*.

(7) *Doctor's Comment.*

G

'Twas

'Twas by 'em, one and all, agreed,
 To swear a Rape (as if indeed)
 Mischief they sought — for so we find,
 Amongst (that Set of) Womankind,
 Mischief's the Darling of the Mind,
 More luscious far than Sugar-Candy,
 And Gin to Bawd, or Cherry-Brandy!

Astraea has her known Resorts,
 The Goddess has her different Courts,
 (As 'twas agreed among the Women all)
 Conven'd he was before the (8) Criminal,
 'Mongst Laws establish'd on Record,
 It is enacted, * When a Ward,
 ' Or single Person, that's a Female,
 ' Is join'd, in Marriage-Bonds, to the Male,
 ' If that is prov'd t' have been by Force,
 ' The Husband's to be hang'd, in Course:
 (Marrying for Better, as well as Worse)
 And Matrimony nought can alter,
 Or so divorce, as does a Halter:

A Thoro, & a Mensa, this
 Not only Separation is,
 But does a *Vinculo* release,
 And saves a Multitude of Fees.

Just so does in Dock, and out Nett'es,
 One dissipates what t'other settles;
 One Noose undoes what's done by t'other,
 One Poyson, thus, drives out another!

The Sages sate, to end the Strife,
 'Twas only Hanging, or a Wife.
 Ballance of Fancy to — and fro —
 Tott'ring, he knew not what to do;
 To live outweigh'd! — for Love of Wife,
 He cou'd not brook to die — for's Life!
 In various Life, who is't but finds
 Different Men, different Minds?

(8) *Old Bailey.*

Our

Our Lover's Option was to choose
The Conjugal, 'fore t'other Noose ;
And therefore he prepar'd Defence
Of Argument, and Eloquence,
Undaunted, and by no means blank,
Nor even *Frigidus quoad hanc* !

What Lawyers call, in one Profession,
A *Libel*, or an *Allegation*,
Others, *Indictment*, *Plea*, or *Bill*,
They're much the same (chuse which you will)
Others the like call *Information*,
But we style here, a *Declaration*,
(As being a Word that's most in Fashion)
Which take as follows here at large,
In Manner as 'twas laid to's Charge.

'Twas urg'd against him —

— ' Not long since,

' He, having Malice call'd prepense,
' And following his own Invention,
' With a felonious Intention,
' The Plaintiff's Copy-hold did seize,
' As also on her Premises ;
' With naked Weapon in his Hand,
' He, at the Passage, made a Stand,
' Push'd on, and made forcible Entry,
' While two Companions watch'd, as Sentry,
' And thrust himself into Possession,
' Without Demise, or Grant, or Cession ;
' The whole thus occupying, he
' Forc'd Ingress, but had Egress free :
' Then Regress, gain'd, by Dint of Strength.
The Case was open'd thus at Length.

In this Dispute, thus, *Comi-Tragick*,
Council debated, and chopp'd Logick.

'Tis fabled, that in Days of Yore,
Clients were rich, and Lawyers poor ;

Lawyers were very scarce — (prodigious!)
 The People then were not litigious;
 Agreement useleſs made the Laws,
 Long-Robes complain'd without a Cauſe;
 Then Juſtice dwelt among the Men,
 She viſits now, but now and then:
 With *Holland* Coif they'd ſpy a Brother
 Plead firſt on *one Side*, then on *t'other*;
 Cou'd ſhew himſelf zealous and hearty,
 Arguing *Ex utraque parte*;
 He, one while, with the Plaintiff — *pro*,
 Then *con* — on *t'other Side* wou'd go:
 (For Arguments are made to vary,
 Now this Way move, then quite contrary)
 Thus of two Council there's no Want, if
 One ſerves Defendant, and the Plaintiff.

But Plaintiff's Fact being firſt allow'd on,
 The other's alter it — *Quo' Plowd'n*;
 So, for Diſtinction Sake, 'tis ſaid,
 A Party-colour'd Garb was made,
 Contriv'd to be of diff'rent Hue,
 O' th' right Hand Red, o' th' other Blue;
 In which behav'd the learned Serjeant,
 (Say ancient Books, with Notes in Margent)
 And ſpare a Word for Plaintiff — cry'd,
 Then to the Court turn'd his Blue Side;
 The ſame, then, for Defendant ſaid,
 And turn'd about the Side that's Red;
 By this the Court cou'd, with a Look,
 Diſtinguiſh, plain, which Side he took;
 Which ſometimes might be difficult,
 From a bare Argument's Reſult.

But here (to keep the Court from ſleep)
 Council attack'd each Side too deep,
 All promis'd to be very ſhort,
 And not take up Time o' th' Court;

Show'd

Show'd *Procedents* 'twixt sev'ral Folks,
 (Beside *Tom of Styles*, and *John of Oaks*)
 This, one maintains for Law — Hold, Brother,
 You know 'tis otherwise, quoth t'other,
 And told the Jury (to their Faces)
 That such, and such, were adjudg'd Cases.

For Sentence, as a Marriage-Cause,
 By Canon, and by Civil Laws,
 One did strenuously insist on
 A Trial in a Court — *that's Christian!*
 Beside the Case, one takes a Flight,
 One says 'tis wrong, another right,
 At last one proves his Brief a Kyte!
 (Not such a Brief as read in Churches,
 While Men make Bows, and Women Court'ries;
 But Briefs where Sentences are tack'd on,
 Out of *Fleta*, and of *Bracton*.)
 One rais'd Concern i' th' Jury's Looks,
 Threat'ning that he'd burn all his Books!
 Brother, you've put an ugly Face
 (Says one to t'other) on the Case.

Arguments were *Hinc-inde* struck,
 Like Battledore, and Shuttle-cock:
Metaphors, Syllogisms, Tropes,
 Flew to and fro — as thick as Hopes;
 'Till, by the reverend Tribunal,
 Her Arguments are found *jeune* all.
 Sophistical, beside the Matter,
 And what, in short, wou'd not hold Water.

' The Law is good, but is no better,
 ' Of its own self, than a dead Letter,
 ' And can by no Self-Impulse act,
 ' 'Till animated with a Fact;
 ' And 'less their Evidences be,
 ' Ev'n Fact is a Non-Entity.
 ' The Fault's laid wrong upon the Laws,
 ' When either Parties lose the Cause;

' For,

‘ For, be it Plaintiff, or Defendant,
‘ If there’s no Witness, there’s an End on’t.

She lost her Cause, and lost her Fees,
Because she had no Witnesses:

For, as it happen’d so to be,
There was no Evidence but she.

The Antients Reason had to guide ’em,

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortua quidem!

The Maxim well in Law is known, a

Wife’s *tanquam conjuncta Persona*;

And she was prov’d to be his Wife,

So cou’d not hang him for her Life.

‘ If Wives cou’d thus, at Will, escape,

‘ By singly swearing Husband’s Rape;

‘ Shou’d Point of Law thus far be carry’d,

‘ Men won’d as soon be Hang’d as Marry’d!

Acquitted by good Men, and true;

And by the learned Sages too,

Thus he came off by Dint of Laws;

Both were saluted with *Huzza’s*,

Her’s in *Contempt*, his in *Applause*!

Thus have I seen hoop’d Petticoat,

What made to hide, but plainer show’t.

Clearly we may through what is Malice see,

And all the Subterfuge of Fallacy,

What’s false, is known through all its Tarnish,

Its sooty Form’s not hid by Varnish;

Pull off the Mask, unveil the Show,

Then it appears in *statu quo*:

While naked Truth does never blush,

Nor values Nakedness a Rush.

In Spite of Mists and Clouds in’s Way,

The Sun’s the Sun still at Noon-Day.

There is no Skreen to Truth and Day-light,

Ev’n *Excise Projects* come to a Light!



THE
Fair Penitent:

Being a

DIALOGUE

That pass'd between a certain YONGE K—t,
and the H—ble Miss FITZ—ms, in the
noted Gardens near *Kensington*.

Knt. G O O D-morrow, fair Traveller;
what! up with the Lark, and
dress'd with the Peacock, so gay and so plum'd
at this young Hour of the Day? If an imper-
tinent *Yonge K—t* may ask so bold a Question,
pray, Madam, what Wind has blown this fair
Pinnacle, so trim, and full Sail, so early abroad
this Morning?

Miss FITZ. Why, truly, inquisitive Sir, to
answer you in your own Dialect, a small Gale of
Devotion has blown me this Way — I have
been at Prayers this Morning —

Knt. At Prayers! — Is your Devotion so
much warmer than your Bed, as to rouse you,
thus

thus fresh and fasting, for kneeling and praying? —

Miss FITZE. Kneeling and Praying! — I hope you don't make a Jest on't.

Knt. No, faith, Madam; I am in down-right Earnest, when I talk on that Subject; so heartily in good Earnest, that to lay open my Soul before you, had I as Ruling a Hand at the Helm of State as Sir R——T, I protest I would have a Law made, that the Old and the Ug'y should only go to Church; the Young and the Fair should all stay at Home.

Miss FITZE. And why so, my little Statesman? — If such YONGE By empty Heads as your own were to set up for *Solon's* of Greece, all such beardless Senators call'd to the Realm, we should have fine Doings, no doubt — But, for Heaven's Sake, why wou'd you have the Doors of the Church shut against the Young and the Fair, the whole Glory of the Congregation? — Fie upon ye! So barbarous an Exclusion! — Certainly you are one of those Infidels, who believe that either Women have no Souls, or at least not worth saving! — The Old and the Ugly are the Feminine Saints for your Kalendar. Why, thou worse than *Pagan*, wou'dst thou have nothing but Age and Infirmitie, Wrinkles and Furrows, look up to Heaven?

Knt. Nay, fair and softly, sweet Lady, you run too fast for a YONGE Law-Maker; pray give me Leave to interpret my own Oracles, and give you Substantial Reason for bringing in this Ecclesiastical Bill of Exclusion amongst you.

Miss

Miss FITZE. Well, if Miracles are not ceas'd, and there can be the least Shadow of Reason for so unaccountable a Scheme of Law; or, what's more to your present Purpose, if there can be that Front of Brass hard enough to start such a Pretension of Reason, in the Name of Nonsense, or rather Impudence, out with it.

Knt. Why then to explain myself on this Head, and give you solid Sense for what I propose, I would have the Young and the Fair of your charming Sex, forbid going to Church, for this undeniable Reason; which is, that they mar more Devotion there than they make: How many up-lifted Eyes, perhaps half way towards Heaven, are adash'd down again by one single Glance from some lovely White and Red in the very next Pew before them. If a Ray of Devotion should light us young Gentlemen into a Church, those *Ignes Fatui* so glare in our Eyes, that our whole Orisons are paid to quite another Divinity, than that which ought to bring us thither: Instead of the more elevated Contemplation of a celestial Paradise, a mere terrestrial Vision of Roses and Lillies, and all the attracting Sweets of a mere human Bed of Flowers, utterly distracts and dejects the other, tho' abundantly more Divine, yet less powerful Speculation and Attraction: 'Tis my Opinion, that when the learned Oracle of *Newgate*, Mr. Ordinary, declaims so loud against the fatal Danger of Sabbath-breaking, he might discover some little Danger too, in the *English* way of keeping it, when Temptation itself even enters under consecrated Roofs, and Snares and Fascinations attend the very Temples and Altars.

Miss FITZE. Why, really Sir, you have made a very florid Harangue, to very little Edification; for why should the best and noblest Part of the Creation (Youth and Beauty) be excluded from the noblest End of their Creation, the Publick Service of the Divinity, and all for fencing against no other Danger, than the Excursions of a few wild and roving Eyes fix'd upon them, who, instead of taking any lawless Fire from so fair an Object, under so hallow'd a Roof, methinks it should rather elevate their more Divine Contemplations of a Deity, by the visible Manifestation of Omnipotence itself, in that loveliest of his handy Works, BEAUTY. But if you are for shielding against the Danger you speak of, you should advise the Church-Architects to build the Christian Churches after the Model of the *Mahometan* Mosques, the Women to sit all veil'd on one Side, for fear of disturbing the Devotion of the pious *Mussulmen* on the other.

Knt. Why, truly, now you talk of such a Model, I fancy it would do wond'rous well; and therefore I am inclining to your Opinion —

Miss FITZE. My Opinion! — No; you are quite mistaken; I am for no such Invasion of free-born *English* Liberty, nor the Abolition of laudable Custom, according to the Present religious Establishment. If there be any such Shadow of Danger, and young Eyes will rove, and soft Hearts take Fire, tho' in the Church, let one of the Church Buckets quench it again; let them take Matrimony to cool them. And if the Preacher cannot exalt their Devotion to all the desired

desired Heights of Veneration due to the Ten Commandments, 'tis not altogether so unchristian, to carry a little of their Contemplation towards the Performance of the First Great One, *Increase and Multiply* ; I mean in an honest Way.

The *Yonge Knt.* would have willingly discours'd with the Lady longer, had not the Presence of Lord and Lady *Townly* prevented him ; but however religious the Lady seem'd to be at this Time, as being on the Stool of Repentance, she had receiv'd a severe Reprimand from Lady *Townly* a few Days before, for her Misconduct in absenting herself from her Apartments without the Knowledge and Consent of her Ladyship : But it being the first Slip this Honourable Maid has been *known* to make, Lady *Townly* was so good to overlook it, especially as the Weather has lately been very hot, and 'tis probable she rambled no farther than the Garden to cool herself.





T H E
British Merchant's Toast.

COME Britons, your Fate forget to deplore,
And drink to the glorious *Two Hundred and Four.*

To the Three loyal *Stanbopes*, most virtuously brave,

And *Matbuen*, who strove his dear Country to save.

To *Perry*, who labour'd the Storm to assuage,
The *Dragon* of *Norfolk* did boldly engage.

Let the Name of *Dalrymple* be never forgot,
Dundas and *Mackinzie* be dear to the Scot.

Sir *Adolphus*, with Honour, refus'd his Consent;
Tyrconnel and *Jekyll* did truly repent.

Peace, *Plenty*, with *Honour* and *Joy* evermore,
Attend on the glorious *Tow Hundred and Four.*

To



To C L O E.

Martial Ep. B. 3. Ep. 53.

TH Y Eyes and Eye-Brows I could spare,
 Not for thy Nose do I much care;
 I could dispense too with thy Teeth,
 And with thy Lips, and with thy Breath;
 And with thy Breasts, and with thy B—,
 And with that which I won't tell ye;
 And, to be short, hark in thy Ear,
 Faith I could spare thee all, my Dear.

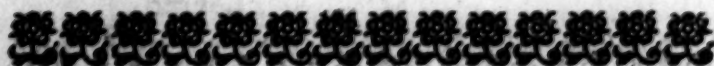


EPIGRAM on a very pretty
*Lady who pretended to tell
 Fortunes.*

SOME Oracles of old, to cause more wonder,
 Were then pronounc'd, accompany'd with
 Thunder;
 But thy Predictions come not in a Storm,
 They are deliver'd by the brightest Form;
 If, when you speak, Jove does not pierce the Sky;
 Yet still you've all his Lightning in your Eye.

*In Memory of a Young LADY,
 lately Deceas'd.*

STAY, Traveller, and here suppose
 Laid in the Dust a lovely Rose:
 Whose Bloom (alas, each Flower's Fate!)
 Was sweet, but of too short a Date.
 Fresh Roses then, and Lillies fling
 O'er her, that has no second Spring;
 And strew 'em yearly o'er her Urn,
 For this sweet Flow'r can ne'er return.



EPIGRAM.

IN *Milo's* Absence all his Neighbours smil'd,
 To see his barren Fields, and Wife with
 Child:
 The Reason's plain; for *Milo* had more Hands
 To turn his Wife up, than he has his Lands.

THE



THE

Female Dunces:

Inscrib'd to

Mr. P O P E.

*With a becoming Pride I hate
The Little Vulgar, and the Great.*

WHEN Women deviate from strict Vir-
tue's Rules,
Proud to be *Dunces* call'd, or reckon'd *Fools* ;
When burning Lust excites 'em to defame
Their spotless Innocence, and stain their Name:
Or into other Vices when they run,
So much in Vogue, tho' sure to be undone ;
The Bard should then an open War declare,
And strive, with Satire, to reclaim the *Fair*.

Eliza good Examples shews in vain,
Despis'd, and laugh'd at by the *vicious Train* ;
So bright she shines, she might adorn a Throne,
Not with a borrow'd Lustre, but her own.

Arpasia, once the Fav'rite of the C——,
 With Pleasures still pursues the *Lover's Sport* ;
 First to *Honorius*, modestly inclin'd,
 Her Virgin Treasure the fond Nymph resign'd ;
 The Product of their Labours was a Boy,
 The Father's Darling, and the Mother's Joy :
 Yet, not content with such a *Ship* as this,
 But still more eager after future Bliss,
 This Nymph of *Venus* to young *Hamlet's Arms*,
 Freely gave up her poor remaining Charms ;
 With Transport she beholds the noble Prize,
 And takes a Pleasure in his goggle Eyes.
 Soon Nature's Debt one spurious Daughter paid,
 And deep in Parent Earth her Head is laid ;
 But still there does survive a spurious Son,
 A living Proof of wicked Actions done :
 Bereft of Honour, Modesty, and Fame,
 She glories publickly in *Publick Shame*.

Phillis, a *quondam* Virgin, next takes place,
 To all her Family a foul Disgrace ;
Hibernia's Sons oft quit their native Home,
 And here in Shoals to make their Fortunes
 come ;
 By their Examples led, of brownish Hue,
Phillis in haste her Journey did pursue ;
 Hither in haste the *stupid* Virgin came,
 She sought a Husband, but she stain'd her Name.
 Soon did she learn the Method to entice,
 But in her Reputation was not nice ;
 Dull Animal ! had'st thou but *Common Sense*,
 With a *Lord's Promise* thou couldst ne'er dis-
 pence ;
 To yield thy Virgin-Treasure, e're your Hands
 By Priest were join'd in *Matrimonial Bands*,
 In

In Mankind's Judgment will recorded be
A Demonstration of *Stupidity*.
Munster *, no more thy pious Daughters boast,
Phillis has foolishly her Virtue lost.

Cloe, tho' oft besieg'd, maintain'd the Fort,
And ev'ry Stratagem to her was Sport;
She laugh'd at others, who on Terms wou'd
yield,

And stain their Honour in the *Bloody Field*:
But, ah! poor *Cloe*'s laugh'd at in her Turn,
Lately the Nymph with furious Lust did burn,
And *Venus*, willing to exert her Pow'r,
Wou'd not let slip so promising an Hour;
On Mischief therefore resolutely bent,
The Smooth-tongu'd *Volatile* to *Cloe* sent,
Prompted by genial Heat with him to Sport,
She *Stupidly* surrender'd up the Fort.

Cloe next Day was charg'd with Breach of Trust,
The Charge, 'tis true, was heavy, but 'twas just;
No Answer would she make, not one Word say,
She knew — to *kiss* and *tell* was held foul
Play;

Yet after all it may be justly said,
Cloe in *one Sense* does remain a *Ma* ID.

Why shou'd we wonder if Nymphs go
astray,
When married Women err, and lead the Way.

Banish'd for fourteen Years from Bed and
Board
Hortensia liv'd, and valu'd not her Lord;

* She was born in the Province of *Munster* in *Ireland*,
and the young Ladies there are deem'd the Chastest in the
Kingdom.

No

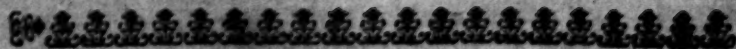
No Comfort did he send, no kind Relief,
To ease her Pain, and mitigate her Grief:
But what the Noble *Peerless Peer* deny'd,
Was by *Apollo's* fav'rite Son supply'd.
A Lovely Daughter crown'd the Lovers Care,
He made *Hortensia*, not his Child, his Heir.
And the Good-natur'd Lord, to end all Strife,
Receiv'd again his *dull* and *stupid* Wife.

View *Messalina*, wicked as she's fair,
O'erwhelm'd with *Dullness*, sitting on her Chair,
In *Widow's Weeds* young *Clodio's* Death she
mourn'd,
And her kind Husband's sagest Council scorn'd;
Her Paramour she lov'd, yet e'er his Thread
Of Life was spun, to *Messalina's* Bed,
Polluted *Machus* was a welcome Guest,
And she with Transport clap'd him to her
Breast.

By Turns her Lovers often she enjoy'd,
She might be tir'd, but never cou'd be cloy'd;
Doubtful it is, which was most lost to Shame,
The *Roman* Lady, or the *British* Dame.

Easy's the Task to mention many more,
In Number, full at least a Dozen Score,
But since my Option is to be concise,
I'll name a few; *Clio* is over-nice,
In publick Company a stiffen'd *Prude*,
But, when in private, not one Nymph more
lewd.

Celia's a Wanton, *Amarillis* poor,
But who can say which is the vilest *W*——?
Punting Sarina is grown old and lame,
But wou'd betray her Maker for — *That Same*.



T O

Young *LYDIA*.

A H! *Lydia*, sing no Songs, but those
 Which tend to give me Ease ;
 That cruel one, you lately chose,
 Could no fond Lover please.
 Of such a Nature is my Wound,
 It cannot bear a Cure ;
 Which, while my *Chloe's* faithful sound,
 'Tis Pleasure to endure.
 Then let the Tyrant play his Part
 With Chains and Tortures, while
 My *Chloe Damon's* Tender Heart
 Can quicken with a Smile.

F I N I S.

TO
Young LYDIA.

A H ! Lydia, sing no songs, but those
Which tend to give me life ;
That cruel one, you lately chose,
Could no fond lover please.
Of such a Nature is my Wound,
It cannot bear a Cure ;
Which while my Cole's richful sound,
Tis Pleasure to endure
Then let the Tyrant play his Part
With Chains and Torments, while
My Cole's Damsel's Tender Heart
Can quicken with a Smile

FINIS.

Ms. no. 17



